



SYNOPSIS.

Eleanor de Tocana was singing in Paris, which, perhaps, accounted for Edward Courtland's appearance there. Multimillionaire, he wandered about where fancy dictated. He might be in Paris one day and Kamchatka the next. He introduced the opera he goes to a cafe and is accompanied by a pretty young woman, Nora. Celeste, a French woman, gives him the address of Eleanor, whom he is determined to see. Courtland enters Eleanor's apartments. She orders him out and shoots at him. The next day Paris is shocked by the mysterious disappearance of the prima donna. Realizing that he may be suspected of the abduction of Eleanor, Courtland arranges for an alibi. Eleanor responds and accuses Courtland of having abducted her. His alibi is satisfactory to the police and the charge is dismissed. Eleanor flees to Lake Como to rest after the shock. She is followed by a number of her admirers, among them the prince who really procured her abduction. Courtland also goes to Como and there meets Jimmie Harrigan, retired prizefighter and father of Eleanor, whose real name is Nora Harrigan. Harrigan takes Courtland into his favor at once. He introduces Courtland to his daughter, but the latter gives no sign of ever having met him before. She studiously avoids him. Nora's confessor accounts a mystery involving Nora and Courtland. He takes a strong fancy to the young man.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"It was asleep when the pistol went off. Oh, you must believe that it was purely accidental! She was in a terrible state until morning. What if she had killed you, what if she had killed you! She seemed to harp upon that phrase."

Courtland turned a sober face toward her. She might be sincere, and then again she might be playing the first game over again, in a different guise. "It would have been embarrassing if the bullet had found its mark." He met her eyes squarely, and she saw that his were totally free from surprise or agitation or interest.

"Will you be here long?" it depends."

"Upon Nora?" persistently. "The weather."

"You are hopeless."

"No; on the contrary, I am the most optimistic man in the world."

She looked into this reply very carefully. If he had hopes of winning Nora Harrigan, optimistic he certainly must be. Perhaps it was not optimism. Rather might it not be a purpose made of steel, bendable but not breakable, reinforced by a knowledge of conditions which she would have given worlds to learn?

"Is she not beautiful?"

"I am not a poet."

"Wait a moment," her eyes widened. "I believe you know who did commit that outrage."

"Very well; I promise not to ask any more questions."

"That would be very agreeable to me." Then, as if he realized the rudeness of his reply, he added: "Before I leave I will tell you all you wish to know, upon one condition."

"Tell it!"

"You will say nothing to any one, you will question neither Miss Harrigan nor myself, nor permit yourself to be questioned."

"I agree."

"And now, will you not take me over to your friends?"

"Over there?" asked.

"Why, yes. We can sit upon the grass. They seem to be having a good time."

What a man! Take him over, into the enemy's camp? Nothing would be more agreeable to her. Who would be the stronger, Nora or this provoking man?

So they crossed over and joined the group. The padre smiled. It was a situation such as he loved to study; a strong man and a strong woman, at war. But nothing happened; not a ripple anywhere to disclose the agitation beneath.

The sun was dropping toward the western tops. The guests were leaving by twos and threes. The colonel had prevailed upon his dinner guests not to bother about going back to the village to dress, but to dine in the clothes they wore. Finally, none remained but Harrigan, Abbott, the Barone, the padre and Courtland. And they talked noisily and agreeably concerning man affairs until Rao gravely announced that dinner was served.

It was only then, during the lull which followed, that light was shed upon the puzzle which had been, subconsciously stirring Harrigan's mind: Nora had not once spoken to the son of his old friend.

CHAPTER X.

Everything But the Truth.

"I don't see why the colonel didn't invite some of the ladies," Mrs. Harrigan complained.

"It's a man party. He's giving it to

please himself. And I do not blame him. The women about here treat him abominably. They come at all times of the day and night, use his card room, order his servants about, drink his whisky and smoke his cigarettes, and generally invite themselves to luncheon and tea and dinner. And then, when they are ready to go back to their villas or hotel, take his motor-boat without a thank you. The colonel has about three thousand pounds outside his half-pay, and they are all crazy to marry him because his sister is a countess. As a bachelor he can live like a prince, but as a married man he would have to dig. He told me that if he had been born Adam, he'd have climbed over Eden's walls long before the Angel of the Flaming Sword paddled him out. Says he's always going to be a bachelor, unless I take pity on him," mischievously.

"Has he . . ." in horrified tones.

"About three times a visit," Nora admitted; "but I told him that I'd be a daughter, a cousin, or a niece to him, or even a grandchild. The latter presented too many complications, so we compromised on niece."

"I wish I knew when you were serious and when you were fooling."

"I am often as serious when I am fooling as I am foolish when I am serious."

"Nora, you will have me shrieking in a minute!" despaired the mother.

"Did the colonel really propose to you?"

"Only in fun."

Celeste laughed and threw her arm around the mother's waist, less ample than substantial. "Don't you care! Nora is being pursued by little devils and is venting her spite on us."

"There'll be too much Burgundy and tobacco, to say nothing of the awful stories."

"With the good old padre there? Hardly," said Nora.

Celeste was a French woman. "I confess that I like a good story that isn't vulgar. And none of them look like men who would stoop to vulgarity."

"That's about all you know of men," declared Mrs. Harrigan.

"I am willing to give them the benefit of a doubt."

"Celeste," cried Nora, gaily, "I've an idea. Supposing you and I run back after dinner and hide in the card room, which is right across from the dining room? Then we can judge for ourselves."

"Nora Harrigan!" mimicked the incorrigible. "Mother mine, you must learn to recognize a jest."

"Ah, but yours!"

"Fine!" cried Celeste.

As if to put a final period to the discussion, Nora began to hum audibly an aria from Aida.

They engaged a carriage in the village and were driven up to the villa. On the way Mrs. Harrigan discussed the stranger, Edward Courtland. What a fine looking young man he was, and how adventurous, how well-connected, how enormously rich, and what an excellent catch! She and Celeste—the one innocently and the other provocatively—continued the subject to the very doors of the villa. All the while Nora hummed softly.

"What do you think of him, Nora?" the mother inquired.

"Think of whom?"

"This Mr. Courtland."

"Oh, I didn't pay much attention to him," carelessly. But once alone with Celeste, she seized her by the arm, a little roughly. "Celeste, I love you better than any outsider I know. But if you ever discuss that man in my presence again, I shall cease to regard you even as an acquaintance. He has come here for the purpose of annoying me, though he promised the prefect in Paris never to annoy me again."

"The prefect!"

"Yes. The morning I left Versailles I met him in the private office of the prefect. He had powerful friends who aided him in establishing an alibi. I was only a woman, so I didn't count."

"Nora, if I have meddled in any way," proudly, "it has been because I love you, and I see you unhappy. You have nearly killed me with your sphinx-like actions. You have never asked me the result of my spying for you that night. Spying is not one of my usual vocations, but I did it gladly for you."

"You gave him my address?" coldly.

"I did not. I convinced him that I had come at the behest of Flora Desmone. He demanded her address, which I gave him. If ever there was a man in a fine rage, it was he as he left me to go there. If he found out where we lived, the Calabrian assisted him. I spoke to him rather plainly at tea. He said that he had had nothing whatever to do with the abduction, and I believe him. I am positive that he is not the kind of man to go that far and not proceed to the end. And now, will you please tell Carlos to bring my dinner to my room?"

The impulsive Irish heart was not to be resisted. Nora wanted to remain firm, but instead she swept Celeste into her arms. "Celeste, don't be angry! I am very, very unhappy."

If the Irish heart was impulsive, the French one was no less so. Celeste wanted to cry out that she was unhappy, too.

"Don't bother to dress! Just give your hair a pat or two. We'll all three dine on the balcony."

Celeste flew to her room. Nora went over to the casement window and stared at the darkening mountains. When she turned toward the dresser she was astonished to find two bouquets. One was an enormous bunch of violets. The other was of simple marguerites. She picked up the violets. There was a card without a name; but the phrase scribbled across the face of it was sufficient. She flung the violets far down into the grape-

vines below. The action was without anger, excited rather by a contemptuous indifference. As for the simple marguerites, she took them up gingerly. The arc these described through the air was even greater than that performed by the violets.

"I'm a silly fool, I suppose," she murmured, turning back into the room again.

It was ten o'clock when the colonel bade his guests good night as they tumbled out of his motor boat. They were in more or less exuberant spirits, for the colonel knew how to do two things particularly well: order a dinner, and avoid the many traps set for him by scheming mammas and eligible widows. Abbott, the Barone and Harrigan, arm in arm, marched on ahead, whistling one tune in three different keys, while Courtland set the pace for the padre.

All through the dinner the padre had watched and listened. Faces were generally books to him, and he read in this young man's face many things that pleased him. This was no night rover, a fool over wine and women, a spendthrift.

"There has been a grave mistake somewhere," he mused aloud, thoughtfully.

"I beg your pardon," said Courtland.

"I beg yours. I was thinking aloud. How long have you known the Harrigans?"

"The father and mother I never saw before today."

"Then you have met Miss Harrigan?"

"I have seen her on the stage."

"I have the happiness of being her confessor."

They proceeded quite as far as a hundred yards before Courtland volunteered: "That must be interesting."

"She is a good Catholic."

"Ah, yes; I recollect now."

"And you?"

"Oh, I haven't any religion such as requires my presence in churches. Don't misunderstand me! As a boy I was bred in the Episcopal church, but I have traveled so much that I have drifted out of the circle. I find that when I am out in the open, in the heart of some great waste, such as a desert, a sea, the top of a mountain, I can see the greatness of the Omnipotent far more clearly and humbly than within the walls of a cathedral."

"You believe in the tenets of Christianity?"

"Surely! A man must pin his faith and hope to something more stable than humanity."

"I should like to convert you to my way of thinking," simply.

"Nothing is impossible. Who knows?"

The padre, as they continued onward, offered many openings, but the young man at his side refused to be drawn into any confidence. So the padre gave up, for the fulfillment of his efforts became irksome. His own lips were sealed, so he could not ask point blank the question that clamored at the tip of his tongue.

"So you are Miss Harrigan's confessor?"

"Does it strike you strangely?"

"Merely the coincidence."

"If I were not her confessor I should take the liberty of asking you some questions."

"It is quite possible that I should decline to answer them."

The padre shrugged. "It is patent to me that you will go about this affair in your own way. I wish you well."

"Thank you. As Miss Harrigan's confessor you doubtless know everything but the truth."

The padre laughed this time. The shops were closed. The open restaurants by the water front held but few idlers. The padre admired the young man's independence. Most men would have hesitated not a second to pour the tale into his ears in hope of material assistance. The padre's admiration was equally proportioned with respect.

"I leave you here," he said. "You will see me frequently at the villa."

"I certainly shall be there frequently. Good night."

Courtland quickened his pace which soon brought him alongside the others. They stopped in front of Abbott's pension, and he tried to persuade them to come up for a nightcap.

"Nothing to it, my boy," said Harrigan. "I need no nightcap on top of cognac 48 years old. For me that's a whole suit of pajamas."

"You come, Ted."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Distance in Bavaria.

In the Bavarian highlands signposts along the roads, instead of stating the number of miles or kilometers to the various villages, give the amount of time which the average pedestrian will supposedly take to traverse the distance, an exchange states. This is merely an official expression of the very general custom of the peasants in the region, who invariably tell inquirers on the road not how far it is to a place, but how long it takes to get there.

For instance, one asks: "How far is it to Oberammergau?"

"A small half hour," will be the answer, or perhaps "A good half hour" or "A big half hour."

Which is puzzling until the stranger learns that a "small half hour" means 25 minutes, "a good half hour" 30 minutes and "a big half hour" 35 minutes.

Kaiser as a Censor.

The Kaiser has forbidden the production at Herr Reinhardt's Deutsches theater of a play called "Ferdinand, Prince of Prussia," on the ground that one of the characters is a member of the Prussian royal family. There is no appeal from the Kaiser's censorship.



THE COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

METAL ROOFING

Shingles, Spanish Tile
EVERYTHING IN SHEET METAL
BUILDING MATERIAL
BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY
WE PAY THE FREIGHT. WRITE FOR CATALOG AND PRICES
THE H. EDWARDS CORRUGATING CO.
COVINGTON - KY.



DROPSY TREATED, usually gives quick relief. I feel, soon removes swelling. A short course, often gives entire relief. In 15 to 25 days. Trial treatment sent free. Dr. THOMAS E. GREEN, Successor to Dr. H. H. Green Sons, Box 9, Atlanta, Ga.

DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S ASTHMA

Remedy for the prompt relief of Asthma and Hay Fever. Ask Your Druggist for It. Write for FREE SAMPLE. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. LTD., BUFFALO, N. Y.



HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. G. C. WHITE, Sole Agent, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

All Dealers

ROCK COULDN'T FEAZE HIM

Big Stone Bounded Off Irishman, but Killed Polander, Who "Couldn't Stand Much."

Representative Michael E. Conry of New York used to be employed in the coal mines of Pennsylvania. One morning as he was going to work he met another Irishman all fixed up in his Sunday clothes.

"What's wrong?" asked Conry.

"Nothin' wrong," answered the other laborer.

"But what's happened?"

"Nothin' happened. A man's got to show some respect for the dead."

"What dead?"

"Oh, that Polander I worked with died yesterday."

"What did he die of?"

"A rock fell and hit him."

"You don't say! How big a rock was it?"

"Oh, three or four tons, maybe. Them Polanders can't stand much. I purty near got hurt myself yesterday."

"How was that?"

"The rock that killed the Polander hit me first, but luckily it bounced off."

—St. Joseph News-Press.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

Where It Counts.

"Aunt Dinah, are you going to have 'obey' eliminated from the ceremony?"

"No, chile; but I sho is gwinter hab it 'liminated from de matrimony."

—Puck.

How To Give Quinine To Children

FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take, and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for source original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

The coming man is seldom noticed until he arrives.

REVELATION WAS TOO MUCH

Picture of "Hollering Jones" at Favorite Diversion Caused Him to Reform.

A well-known illustrator, who makes interesting western pictures, once made the acquaintance of a noisy but good-natured cowboy who rejoiced in the appellation of "Hollering Jones."

In physical appearance this man was typical of his kind, and the artist made several studies of him, both in repose and in his favorite diversion of "hollering." Some of the studies were sold by the artist to an eastern magazine. They showed Jones in his most violent state.

A year later the artist again visited the region. He was soon approached by Mr. Jones himself, bearing one of the pictures, which he had torn from the magazine in which it was printed. Pointing to it, he asked:

"Is that me?"

"Well," replied the artist, evasively, "I got the general idea from you, of course, but—"

"Oh, I ain't takin' no offense," Jones made haste to say. "It's all right; only if it's me, say so."

"If you put it to me that way," said the artist, "I can only reply that it is a fairly good portrait of you."

"The men here on the ranch agree with you. So I look like that when I holler, do I?"

"I think you do."

"In that case," said Hollering Jones, "all I've got to say is that Hollering Jones has hollered his last holler. Hereafter, when I celebrate, I do so with a tin horn. In my own opinion, no man has a right to look like that—not round white folks, anyhow."

—Youth's Companion.

RESINOL STOPS DANDRUFF AND ITCHING SCALP

If you are troubled with dandruff, eczema or other scalp itching scalp affection, try shampoos with resinol soap and an occasional treatment with resinol ointment. You will be surprised how quickly the trouble disappears, and the health and beauty of the hair improves.

Resinol soap and ointment also heal skin eruptions, clear away pimples and blackheads, and form a most valuable household treatment for sunburn, heat-rash, etc. Sold by all druggists. Prescribed by doctors for 19 years.—Adv.

No Airs About Her.

"Airs!" exclaimed the proud mother, and shook her head vigorously. "My Elsie, for all her learning, hasn't any more airs, so to speak, than her poor old dad."

"Then she won't turn up her nose at her old friends?" queried the visitor.

"No, ma'am!"

"How refreshing! Most girls who go through college nowadays will hardly look at you after they're graduated."

"Well, they ain't like my Elsie, that's all I can say," retorted Elsie's ma.

"She's become a carnivorous reader, of course, and she frequently importunes music. But stuck up—my Elsie? Not a bit. She's unanimous to everybody has a most infantile vocabulary, and what's more, never keeps a caller waiting while she dresses up. No, she just runs down, non de plume, as she is."

Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Worse.

"There's one good thing about living in these times. We don't have any highwaymen."

"That's true. But my iceman is just as bad or worse. He's a low-weight man."

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure.

The worst cases, no matter how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Even the baby in the cradle finds this a rocky world.

Every new invention is expected to revolutionize things—but does it?

HUBBY GOT THE GOODS, BUT—

It Was the First Flush of the honeymoon, and He Says "Never Again!"

"Never again," was the conclusion of a story told by a young bridegroom of the month, after he related his efforts to please his bride by fulfilling her every wish.

Sitting in his office a few days after the wedding he received a telephone call which was something like this:

"Dearie, I do so hate to trouble you, but I have run out of lace for that dress I was making, and I can't finish it until I have another yard. Can't you stop at the store and get some as you come home—Oh, I can tell you what it is like—just four leaves, then a sprig, then four leaves, then a sprig, and so on—it's just two threads over an inch wide."

He hung up the receiver and mopped his brow. He walked by the store twice, finally entered and approached the lace counter. She was pretty, but he had been married only a week and was busy repeating in his mind: "Four leaves, then a sprig."

"Well, after looking at 500 samples of lace, I got it, but—"Indianapolis News.

EAS-IT

A PRESCRIPTION prepared especially for seemingly incurable Headaches. Your druggist sells and GUARANTEES STUTTS' Eas-IT to relieve any Headache in fifteen to thirty minutes. Money back if you want it. Contains NO OPIATE. Adv.

Rather Effeminate.

Congressman Peter J. Dooling of New York smiled the other evening when reference at a dinner was made to effeminate ways. He said he was reminded of the explanation of Smith.

Some time ago the Smiths attended a reception where they met a man named Brown. On the way home, while exchanging opinions of the guests, Brown was mentioned.

"Speaking of that man Brown," vigorously remarked Smith, "he certainly has an effeminate way of talking."

"Why, John," was the wondering rejoinder of Mrs. Smith, "how can you say that? He certainly has a very loud and masculine voice!"

"Yes, I know he has," explained Smith, "but what I mean is that he talks all the time."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

No. SIX-SIXTY-SIX

This is a prescription prepared especially for Malaria or Chills and Fever. Five or six doses will break any case, and if taken then as a tonic the fever will not return. 25c.—Adv.